The Last Soldier's Grim Fate

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“Hmph, you certainly are a sight to see, you know, bound, bitterly alone, helpless . You look so helpless it stirs a hunger, doesn’t it?”

Cold hands engulfed Grovyle’s sides, stinging like every hit Dusknoir landed ever had.

“Shame I won’t get to hear you wilt beneath me; I suppose you could say I missed your vile form~”

A take of Grovyle’s time captured.

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Chapter 1

Grovyle was sick of his body being stuck in the constraints of rope. The quality of it was far better than what he was used to, the rough fibers digging into his snout and sides.

He'd been tossed in a tent, left bound by Dusknoir with nothing from the bastard but a cold glare.

Grovyle snapped to attention as the tent flaps opened, grey hands raising his guard.

Dusknoir ducked into the tent, looming over the grass type against the starlit sky, his shadow blotting out the moon's sweet rays.

Grovyle growled through the makeshift muzzle he had, Dusknoir drawing closer and grabbing the gecko's snout.

"Hmm. The rope is holding far better than I expected, getting weaker Grovyle?"

The reptile thrashed, Dusknoir snorting,

"A fine attempt, you don't know when to give in, do you? Then again, you've never had any sense,"

Grovyle clawed at the rope pinning his arms to his chest, his leaves stiff with aggression.

Dusknoir lowered his hand, dropping Grovyle's head.

"Hmph, you certainly are a sight to see, you know, bound, bitterly alone, *helpless* ."

Grovyle knew he definitely looked the part, especially to the behemoth of Dusknoir.

"You look so helpless it stirs a hunger, doesn't it?"

The ghost crooned, leaning low to get eye level with Grovyle. He

bared his teeth in response.

Cold hands engulfed Grovyle's sides, stinging like every hit Dusknoir landed ever had.

"Shame I won't get to hear you wilt beneath me; I suppose you could say I missed your vile form~"

Wait, What?

"Your expression is always useful; you can never hide those pesky emotions of yours."

Dusknoir chuckled.

"Are you surprised? I'm not. You aren't subtle in the slightest. I see how your tail flags when we fight, expecting."

Grovyle turned his head away, shame bubbling up. Of fucking course a Pokémon like Dusknoir would catch the involuntary actions Grovyle barely understood. His line shoved and bit to show interest, and with Dusknoir's repertoire of heavy blows and daunting stomach mouth it only made sense Grovyle's body would betray him.

Grovyle glared hard through Dusknoir's stupid face, the Ghost's smug aura pissing him off even more.

The Pokémon chuckled darkly, red eyes casting their sinister glow in the closeness.

"Even now, just look at you, waiting for a viable mate to destroy you. I don't know whether to be sick or laugh."

Grovyle snarled, forcing his tail down and fighting the jade flush of his face.

"You can fight all you want; it makes it all the more fun when I get to break you. A vile thing like you would like that, wouldn't you? To be

trapped and bred like some bitch in estrus.”

Dusknoir’s voice was low, stirring some wicked magic that made Grovyle’s bulges grow tight with arousal.

He swallowed the chlorophyll in his mouth, fresh from the little sun he’d soaked up and snapped his legs shut to hide the weakness from his enemy.

“Oh? What a fast reaction. You’re easier than I deduced~”

Gods Grovyle wanted to bite that stupid smirk off the man's stomach, and then wanted to slap himself. Biting, seriously? That's what got him in his humiliating mess in the first place.

Dusknoir hummed, large hands trailing from their freezing hold on his hips to the edges on his legs, skirting featherlight touches on muscled thighs tense with apprehension.

Grovyle knew Dusknoir, the ghost was brutal strength and wicked intellect. This has to be a ploy to weaken Grovyle’s defenses, to make his misery over his failure worse. Did it hurt more that Dusknoir was using his body against him, or that Dusknoir didn’t even feel a thing about it?

Grovyle kicked powerful legs against the ghost’s arms, proving his point of being sick of Dusknoir’s mind games. The bastard barely flinched, being pushed back not even an inch and thrusting his hand forward to the unprotected skin of Groyvle’s underside.

“Still so predictable up close, I’m certain that little brain of yours is doing all the work for me.”

Grovyle choked on his spit, the rich taste of chlorophyll making him swallow it down, he had to hold onto the little energy he had produced in the past’s warm sunrises.

“I’m sure you’re wondering why I’m doing this, to which I’ll point out I’ve never said you weren’t alluring~”

Dusknoir purred, large fingers running along his bulges and the dip of his cloaca swollen with his cocks. He loathed how the pale green

flesh rose to meet the ghost's prying fingers.

"Look at how eager your anatomy is to be ravaged, how *cute*."

The last word dripped with so much venom Grovyle was certain he'd get poisoned from it, the mockery pointed and cruel.

His tail flagged again, a glaring green admission of just how right Dusknoir was. Dusknoir hadn't even done anything over than lightly pet him and he could already feel the flow of green lubricant from inside his cloaca, his body's futile attempt to secure a successful fertilization of eggs that didn't exist.

Being touched would be a mercy rather than Dusknoir watching him drip precum onto the ground of the tent. Grovyle wanted the ghost to just do something, anything! Leave him alone, attack him, fuck-

Grovyle caught his thoughts, wanting to rip it out of his mind and crush it on the dirt.

Gods above he was sick.

"You're driving yourself mad and I've barely touched you."

Dusknoir taunted, echoing Grovyle's thoughts as the ghost ran a thumb across the head of one of his dicks, Grovyle hissing loud enough to be obvious through the binding.

"You're lucky everyone's asleep, I don't have to keep you any quieter than you are."

Grovyle hated how giddy Dusknoir sounded under the familiar demeaning tone. He hated how his guts churned in desire over it more.

"Oho? That sets you off too? What a simple thing you are, Grovyle. Who knew all one needed to do to stop you was fuck you into your place."

Dusknoir was having far too much fun for the situation, Grovyle

growling low once more, only earning a mirthful snicker in return.

“I wonder if you'll break in body or spirit first? I do want to know.”

Grovyle wanted to scream, the battle nearly over already, and he was on the losing side. A firm stroke to his enclosed cock was a frontal assault, a devastating blow that left a whine standing in the wreckage.

Dusknoir looked so proud to have been the cause of such a pathetic noise.

“You’re beautiful like that, squirming, desperate, starved for me of all things. What kind of ‘hero’ gets so hot and bothered over his enemy?”

Dusknoir hummed, grabbing both of Grovyle’s stamen firmly.

It was all too much, Grovyle’s entire being betraying him as he moaned and thrust up into the vile grip.

“There you go, good whores get to be filled. Are you good Grovyle?”

Clawed toes dug into the dirt, the grass type snarling between the thrusts of his hips.

“Of course you’d be so irritating now.”

The cold air on Grovyle’s dicks sent dizzying waves through the gecko, body chasing after the sensations lost.

“You can never behave, always getting on my nerves even as I give you everything your twisted heart desires.”

Dusknoir spoke coldly, as verbose as always, even as he pleasured his enemy.

“Do you even deserve to writhe under me? To waste your spend on my hand? Hmph, there goes that honest tail of yours. You want to give in sooo badly.”

Grovyle jerked his snout to the right, not wanting to see the

debauched mess he'd become. A firm grip on his leaf ripped that possibility away.

"You don't get to hide away, you must reap what you sow, Grovyle. So take it like a good Pokémon."

There was no lilt, no tease to the ghost's words, only the biting orders of a man well accustomed to getting what he wanted.

With enough force to bruise, Grovyle was breached, yelping at the burn of the sudden stretch. It stung like a bitch, his toes scrabbling for purchase in the dirt as he desperately held back tears.

"There's the weak little fool I loathe."

Dusknoir taunted, his mouth gritting its teeth, the yellow sealing the edges growing thin as they clashed.

"Taking my fingers like you were made for it, a needy vessel clawing for my attention."

Dusknoir scoffed, forcing closer Grovyle with a harsh tug to the captive leaf.

"I hate how you make me want to give you all of it. Make those vile eyes of yours alight with lust, knowing I caused it."

The intruding force dug deeper into Grovyle, the gecko hissing behind the rope.

"Do you know how long I've wanted to be inside of you one way or another?"

The fingers curled stiffly, grazing a spot of unbearable pleasure. Grovyle keened under the ministrations, Dusknoir pulling on his leaf once more and snarling at the prick of tears in the gecko's eyes.

"You've ruined everything for me, do you know how sickening it is to think of someone else seeing you like this? Of getting the pleasure to destroy in body and mind? I'd kill to make sure I alone get the privilege to be your demise."

Darkness danced along Grovyle's vision as his orgasm hit full throttle, his tail leaves sore from how long they were raised. Everything was hazy, the grass type sucking in starved mouthfuls of air around the rope.

The mind shattering pleasure ebbed away like the fading tide on the beach, the sensation of still fingers in him far more alarming than one would expect.

Although they did shake a little, all of Grovyle was, a ringing sound all he heard.

Blinking his eyes clear he was met with the sudden cold shock of Dusknoir laughing, wheezing and shaking, free hand curled against his sides.

"Ohoohohohoo! By Arceus!"

Dusknoir's secondary eyes nearly had tear,s if such was even possible.

The confusion turned to bitter hatred in his mouth, Grovyle snarling, even though it was a pitiful noise.

In turn the darkness rushed around him, the ghost leaning low, eye sharp with that low tone the air buzzed with the threat of the charged shadow sneak behind his back.

"I could kill you and you'd come knowing you're the only vile wretch even worth half my time and attention"

Grovyle's stomach flipped, his arousal rearing back to life under the scathing glare of the lord.

"I could do it now, snuff the light from your eyes out only for me to witness as you fade away, my name on your tongue."

Dusknoir only hummed at the desperation leaking from Grovyle's throat. The shadow faded away, its whispering laugh lingering along his back.

“You’re always so transparent, best sleep well before your execution.”

The sudden emptiness burnt tenfold from the pain of being filled, Grovlye’s hips jolting in fruitless search of more.

“Good night Grovyle.”

Sickeningly saccharine, as if they’d done nothing wrong, Dusknoir bid him goodnight, exiting the tent like he’d only been there a minute.

Grovyle’s breath heaved in the crushing solitude, the haze of lust eaten whole by the sting of failure, and worse, shame.

He’d been caught, chased like a Rattata in a glass box, time running out and watched by cruel cold observers.

He’d failed. And worst of all, he never found his partner. Marshi… he could only pray she was alive and safe, fighting for their mission with that gusto for life. He could only dream she’d seen the same sunsets as he had, felt cool breezes and warm sun on her face.

Tomorrow he’d be executed, for the hundredth time by now. He leaned his head back against the wall of the tent, the fabric bearing the weight well, shutting his eyes to the cold of the night and the dried cum across his abdomen. He’d need all the sleep he could get for another escape after all.